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—that all who think must be Hegelians. Gans thinks the dialectic method is an instance of pure deduction. Gabler says the idea created being out of itself; while the young, or left, Hegelians assert that the idea is God immanent, not so much in the world-process, or the race-consciousness, as in the individual soul.

But it is not concerning the logic so much as the philosophy of rights, æsthetics, and especially of religion and nature, that Hegelians disagree. Yet the impulse he gave to thought in these fields was unprecedented. The philosophy of nature, for instance, of which Trendelenburg, more wittily than truly, said that it might claim to be a product of pure abstract thinking more justly than the logic, and which, when the first editions of his works were sold, was most in demand, gave an impulse to natural sciences none the less philosophical, because, in the ferment which followed, Hegel's views were soon outgrown, and his method forgotten. As a mental discipline, then, as a wholesome stimulant of every motive of philosophical culture, and as the best embodiment of the legitimate aspiration of the philosophical sentiment, we have gradually come to regard Hegel's system as unrivaled and unapproached; yet, at the same time, as fatal as a finality, almost valueless as a method.

G. STANLEY HALL.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., January, 1878.

SENTENCES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

FROM THE SANSKRIT.

Until he finds a wife, a man is only a half; the house not occupied by children is like a cemetery.

The housewife is declared to be the house. A house destitute of a housewife is regarded as a desert.

These women are by nature instructed, while the learning of men is taught them by books.

How can the conceit in one's mind be eradicated? The tittibha (a bird) sleeps with its feet thrown upwards, fearing that the sky may fall.

The place where the self-subduing man dwells is a hermitage.

Even when being cut down, the sandal-tree imparts fragrance to the edge of the ax.

Constantly, rising up, a man should reflect: "What real thing have

I done to-day? The setting sun will carry away with it a portion of my life.”

The kinsmen of the poor die away, even when the poor themselves continue to live. A stranger turns himself into a relation of the rich.

He whose time has arrived, if touched only with the point of a straw, cannot escape.

Hari was regarded by cowherds as a cowherd, and by gods as the lord of the universe.

A jar is gradually filled by the falling of water-drops.

The soul itself is its own witness; the soul itself is its own refuge.

Poor King Rantideva bestowed water with a pure mind, and went to heaven; King Uriga gave away thousands of cows, but, because he gave away one of another's, he went to hell.

Say, say, who are the deafest? They who will not listen to good advice.

Who is dumb? He who does not know how to say kind things at the proper time.

I know not if the essence of this world be ambrosia or poison.

O lord of the Yadus, and husband of Lakshmi, I ever spend my time in doing homage to thy lotus-feet.

That jewel, knowledge, which is not plundered by relatives, nor carried off by friends, which does not decrease by giving, is great store of riches.

There are many books—Vedas and the like; there are myriad obstacles in the way of success. Let a man strive to discover the essence, as the swan finds milk in water.

A son born of one's body, if faithless, is like an eating disease, and to be wrongfully deserted by one's children is the torment of hell on earth.

Men wish the *fruits* of virtue, not virtue. They desire not the fruits of sin, but practice sin laboriously.

As a lump of salt is without exterior or interior, but is all a mass of flavor, so this soul.

The seeker of knowledge can find no ease.

Not self-directing, a man yields to some current of evil impulse, as a tree which has fallen from a river-bank and has reached the middle of the stream.

FROM THE ARABIC.

It is easy to mount a little donkey.

If you can add anything to what you possess, it is of value—even a rusty nail.

The passage of a single rat is nothing, but it soon becomes a thoroughfare.

The candle shines not upon what is beneath it.

If you will cook the steak with words, I promise you kegs of butter.

Do good, and then drown yourself; God may do you justice, if the fish cannot.

One asked of the crow why he stole soap. Says he, "It comes naturally."

We invited him, and he brought a jackass to dinner.

If you like to have things look pretty, look at them in the dark.

If you buy meat cheap, you will smell what you have saved, when it boils.

The hen drinks, and stares at heaven.

I said to the ass, "God be with you." He answered: "If my master be with me, I am well enough with the rest."

The cock was called up to crow. Said he: "The sun respects my time, though it breaks him."

A tall man gets angry about nothing; a short one plays tricks.

Everything but Death can be cheapened; with him you need not expect to drive a bargain.

A man tumbled into a gutter. "Take this rose," said his friend, "and see how sweet it smells."

You will earn nothing by telling a blind man oil is dear.

If we are both drivers, which shall hitch the horse?

A right beginning is the right ending.

Moonlight and news need not be paid for; they travel *gratis*.

We were in love when parted; together, we hate.

Eyes not seen are soon forgot.

Profit and loss are business partners.

His friends would praise him, I believed 'em;
His foes would blame him, and I scorned 'em.
His friends, as angels I received 'em,
His foes—the devil had suborned 'em.

—Tennyson.

Le peu que nous croyons, tient au peu, que nous sommes.—*Victor Hugo*.

With some people everything means everything, and they put their whole heart's interest into each mouse-trap along the road.—*English novel*.

The stealthy, steady attraction of the earth is ever telling upon the

living body ; we call the force that resists the earth vital. There is no proof that at birth the animal is endowed with a reserved force over and above what it obtains from food and air.—*B. W. Richardson.*

The fierce hyena, frightened from the walls,
Bristled his rising back, his teeth unsheathed,
Drew the long growl, and, with slow foot, retired.

—*Landor.*

The goddess Calamity is delicate, and her feet are tender. Her feet are soft, for she treads not upon the ground, but makes her path upon the heads of men.

Over men's heads walking aloft,
With tender feet, treading so soft.

—*Plato.*

God, if He be good, is not the author of all things. But He is the cause of a few things only.—*Plato.*

Evils, Theodorus, can never perish. There must always remain somewhat antagonist to good.—*Plato.*

It is well to come out of the city to admire the beauty of the world. But to be continually here, to be present at the baking of the johnny-cake, is not as interesting.—*Anon.*

I am Autolycus, a peddler ; I go up and down the country with my wares [lecturing].

Foreign travel is the deadliest *cholera Americana*.

I had been in the country, as I thought, and a lady began to talk about the Tyrolese Alps—a justice's wife, in a little village. After we are too old to travel, you observe, we spend our time railing at traveling.

You can tell me nothing of Pepys ; I know him by heart.

He has great talent, but no root that runs down to the water. There is no flight.—*R. B.*

Sleep is wit.

'Tis a little gilding ; they put a little butter in the spoon [golden-rods].

The English have astonishing productive force—more fullness, and are more complete. We are thin.

I have already lost her ; I cannot follow.

Good taste does not consist in magnifying the little, but in the selection of good things that can be properly magnified.—*George Sand's Life.*

Shakespeare is the chief fact in modern history. Having this

Saxon, we need not eat grass. There are no names in Europe equal to those of a few Englishmen. Shakespeare on one side, and Newton on the other, for ballast. I care not what the character may be called—King John or Henry VIII. It is the sentences which transcend, in their expression, all we know, and that can never be read out. Age after age shall descend this golden legacy to the race, imperishably inscribed.

We have a set of boxes which we may unlock at pleasure in our minds. There are those who have not their feelings properly locked up in one close box, and their thoughts in another, and so they seem to me—a *mush*.

I had a visitor yesterday who left this cane behind, but I do not think I had a good bargain.

S—— did not love to die. He thought this earth a fine place. The clergy do not like to treat with ideals.

I love reading as well now as I ever did in my youth. Give me my book and candle and I am grateful to the universe.

Dr. Kendall became a handsome man in his old age; he was the beloved pastor of Plymouth. There is a certain saccharine quality that comes out in some aged people, as the sun sets in gold.

I know of nobody who says he is afraid of death, now-a-days. This fear was very important to our grandfathers.

The people are of little use to us. There is our friend ——, he seems full of pins. Why cannot he be sweet and pleasing, when it is easy? What is so cheap as politeness?

I think well of Goethe's saying: "If nature has given me such faculties, and I have employed them faithfully to the end, she is bound yet further to explain the questions which they put."

Yes, I know he needs cherishing and care! Yet who can care and cherish; we are so driven with our errands?

It were well if we could prick this monstrous puff-ball, with which life begins and is surrounded [egotism].

Herrick makes me nervous with the accounts of his lozenges, and the sores in his ears. But how excellent he is. He writes so well, and he knows it as well.

Each man has some one thing to do, which comes to perfection in him. It is organic from nature, and can only be done by him.

WM. ELLERY CHANNING.

CONCORD, MASS., October, 1877.